THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAU-DIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.-(Continued.) The Wanderer draw a long breath of rewill it last?" he inquired. can I tell? returned Keyork "Have you never heard of a syn-Bo yet know nothing about any-

and produced a bottle containing some the sait and was applying it to the rade no attention to his irritable temper and stad howing on. A long time passed, and set the Moravian gave no further signs of

de is coar that he cannot stay here, if he clously ill, "the Wanderer said.

orted Keyork. "You seem to be in a very combative frame of mind." the other answered, sitting nown and seeking at his watch. "If you exhalt revive him, he ought to be brought give rearfortable quarters for the

We present condition-of course." bever think-I know," snarled the

w. W. depty showed a slight surprise parameter of the answer, but said and to be no danger. The pus-ned to be no danger. The pus-ned salts of antimonia pervaded the the Wanderer knew that Keyork and other in the pocket of his benginky judged that a very little could put an end to the life that may in the inflance. Noncy half Keyerk looked up. Tes time his was smooth and persuasive. His fr disappeared. red," he said. "Why do

Or class ga to my house The Individual and I can am not in the least tired, stay where I am. I am not

Algebra had no interest in

he had with him a had been carrying in hain the hope of accito all previous ex-t of death was past, the physician usually his pocket and looks Keyork would leared result he had the other, of which ese knew the smell and y before his eyes, and

se quivoring, and that the deathly livid than before, pened and stared dreamily said the faint, weak voice,

plotting a sentence, said Keyork, as though the people who do what they to not always talking about

he was evidently returning to ate. The Wanderer arranged with his own furs. think we can take him home to-

real the Wanderer, pared for an ill-tempered an-ther what Keyork actually the man got upon his feet and k act," he replied. "There is noth-

but to keep him quiet. Good-tired of all this nonsense, and to lose my night's rest for all a Jewry —or all the Jews in can stay with him if you on he turned upon his beel, mak-

the individual, who had n t is place since Kafka had lost and who inmediately fol-

vic, enrelessiy, as he disap-lit among the plants. is long-suffering temper A his eyes gleamed angrily as

knew why he was so angry behaved no worse than an or, for he had stayed until the and had promised to come I further responsibility and further trouble which Vanderer's resentments, as pleasant position in which

ertainly not anticipated being of a sick man—and that sick sulka—in Unorma's house for alt, and he did not enjoy the me more detail of having to mation to the servants, who ss come before long to exdanger, there seemed no by that a relapse would not ore morning, and Kafka die for lack of proper assis-

is only satisfaction lay in the delusive enough—that Unorna return until the following day. Soot dare to take upon himself the lifty of balling some one to help of moving the Moravian in his addition. The man was still year. The man was still very ther altogether unconscious, or sieep of exhaustion. The was bitterly cold, and the ex-night air might bring on im-fatal consequences. He exan closely, and came to the conat he was really asleep. To wake d be absolutely cruel, as well as the looked kindly at the weary then began to walk up and down the plants, coming back at the very turn to look again and assure

at no change had taken place. time he began to wonder at ace in the house, or rather, the be conservatory impressed itself upon him lor the first time. It was strange, he

thought, that no one came to put out the lamps. He thought of looking out into the vestibule beyond, to see whether the lights were still burning there. To his great sur-prise he found the door securely fastened. Keyork Arabian had undoubtedly locked him in and to all intent undoubtedly locked him in and to all intents and purposes he was a prisoner. He suspected some treachery, but in this he was mistaken. Keyork's sole intention had been to insure himself from being disturbed in the course of the night by a second visit from the Wanderer,

accompanied perhaps by Kefka. It imme-diately occurred to the Wanderer that he could ring the bell. Somebody would ee-tainly come and let him out. But, dishking the idea of entering into an explanation, he reserved that for an emergency. Had he at-tempted it, he would have been still further surprised to find that it would have produced no result. In going through the vestibule, Keyork had used Kafka's sharp knife to cut one of the slender sill-covered copper wires which passed out of the conservatory on that side, communicat-

ing with the servants' quarters. He was perfectly acquainted with all such details of the household arrangements. Keyork's precautions were in reality use less, and they increly illustrate the ruth-lessly selfish character of the man. The Wanderer would in all probability neither have attempted to leave the house with Kafka that night, nor to communicate with the servants, even if he had been left free to do either, and if no one had disturbed him in his waten. He was disturbed, however, and very unexpectedly, between 1:30

do. He was afraid you would disturb him again in the night."

The Wandcrer said nothing, wondering how any man could be so elaborately thoughtful of his own comfort.

"There is no help for it." Unorna said, if we must watch together. "we must watch together."
"I see no other way," the Wanderer an-

swered indifferently. He placed a chair for her to sit in, within sight of the sick man, and took one himself, wondering at the strange situation, and yet not caring to ask Unorna what had brought her back, so breathless and so pale, at such an hour. He believed, not unnaturally, that her motive had been either anxiety for himself or the irresistible longing to see him again, coupled with a distrust of his promise to return when she should send for nim. It seemed best to accept her appearance without question, lest an inquiry should lead to a fresh outburst, more unpearable now than before, since there seemed to be no way of leaving the house without exposing her to danger. A nervous man like Israel Kafka might spring up at any

moment and do something desperate.
After they had taken their places the silence lasted some moments.
"You did not believe all that I told you thia evening?" said Unorna, softly, with an interrogation in her voice. "No," the Wanderer answered, quietly,

of did not " "I am glad of that-I was mad when I spoke.

CHAPTER XXIII. The Wanderer was not inclined to deny the statement, which accorded well enough with his total disbeller of the story Unorna had told him. But he did not answer her immediately, for he found himself in a very difficult position. He would neither do any-thing in the least discourteous, beyond admitting frankly that he had not believed her, when she taxed him with incredulity; nor would say anything which might serve her as a stepping-stone for returning to the original situation. He was, perhaps, in-clined to blame her somewhat less than at first, and her changed manner in speaking of Kafka somewhat encouraged his leni-ency. A man will forgive, or at least con-done, much harshness to others when he is thoroughly aware that it has been exhibited out of love for himself; and



More than once he had remained seated for a long time, but his eyes were growing heavy, and he roused himself and walked again until he was thoroughly awake. It was certainly true that of all the persons concerned in the events of the day, except keyork, he had endergone the least bodily fatigue and mental excitement. But even to the strongest, the hours of the night spent in watching by a sick person seem endless, when there is not really strong personal anxiety left. He was undoubtedly interested in the strong person anxiety left. terested in Kafka's fate, and was resolved oved.

to protest him, as well as to hinder him from committing any act of folly.

But he hadonly met him for the first time that very afternoon, and under circumstances which had not in the first instance suggested even the poss ollity of a friendship between the two osition toward Israel Kafka wher unexpected, and what he felt was o more than pity for his sufferings, and adignation against those who had caused

> When the door was suddenly opened he steod still in his walk and faced it. He hardly recognized Unorma in the pale, dis heyeled woman with circled eyes, who came towards him under the bright light. She, too, stood still when she saw him, starting suddenly. She seemed to be very cold, for she shivered visibly, and her teeth were chattering. Without the least protection chattering. Without the least protection bareheaded and cloakiess through the open streets from the church to her home. "You here!" she exclaimed in an unsteady

voice.
"Yes, I am still here," answered the Wan

derer, "But I hardly expected you to come back to-night," he added. At the sound of his voice a strange smile came into her wan face and lingered there She had not thought to hear him speak again, kindly or unkindly, for she had come with the fixed determination to meet her death at Israel Kafkar's hands, and to let that be the end. Amid all the wild thoughts that had whirled through her brain as she was hone in the dark that one had not once ran home in the dark, that one had not once changed.
"And Isreal Kafka!" she asked, almos

'He is there-usleep." Unorna came forward and the Wandere showed her where the man lay upon a thick carpet, wrapped in furs, his pale head sup-ported by a cushion. "He is very ill," she said, almost under

"He is very ill." she said, almost under breath. "Teil me what has happened." It was like a dream to her. The tremen-ous excitement of what had happened in the convent had cut her off from the real ention of what had gone before. Strange as it seemed even to herself, she scarcely comprehended the intimate connection between the two series of events, nor the bearing of the one upon the other. Israel Kafka sank into such insignificance that she began to pity his condition, and it was hard to remember that the Wanderer was the man whom Beatrice had loved, and of whom she had spoken so long and so pas sionately. She found, too, an unreasoned joy in being once more by his side, no matter under what conditions. In that happl ness, one-sided and unshared, she forgot everything else.

Beatrice had been a dream, a vision. unreal shadow. Kafka was nothing to her, and yet everything, as she suddenly saw, since ne constituted a bond between her and the man she loved, which would at least outlast the night. In a flash she saw that the Wanderer would not leave her alone with the Moravian, and that the latter could not be moved for the present without danger to his life. They must watch together by his side through the long hours. Who could tell what the night would bring forth!

would bring forth:

As the new development of the situation
presented itself, the color rose again to her
cheeks. The warmth of the conservatory, too, dispelled the chill that had penetrated her, and the familiar odors of the flowers contributed to restore the lost equilibrium of mind and body.
"Tell me what has happened?" she said

again again.
In the fewest possible words the Wand-erer told her all that had occurred up to the

moment of her coming, not omitting the de-tail of the locked door.

"And for what reason do you suppose that Keyerk shut you in?" she asked. "I do not know," the Wanderer answered.
"I do not trust him, though I have known him so long." "It was mere selfishness." said Unorna,

a man of the Wanderer's character cannot help feeling a sort of chival-rous respect and delicate forbearance for a woman who loves him sincerely, though against his will, while he will avoid with "To him," he replied, glancing at Kafka, against his will, while he will avoid with "and to you. You loved him once. I have almost exaggerated prudence the least word | ruined his life." which could be interpreted as an expres-sion of reciprocal tenderness. He runs the risk, at the same time, of being thrust into the rediculous position of a man who, though young, assumes the manner and speech of age, and delivers himself of grave, paternal advice to one who looks upon him, not as an elder, but as her chosen mate.

chosen mate. After Unorna had spoken, the Wanderer, herefore, held his peace. He inclined hi head a little, as though to admit that her plea of madness might not be wholly imiginary; but he said nothing. He sat look-ing at Israel Kafka's sleeping face and outstretched form, inwardly wondering whether the hours would seem very long before Keyork Arabian returned in the morning and put an end to the situation. Unorma waited in vain for some response.

chorna waited in vain for some response, and at last spoke again.

"Yes," she said, "I was mad! You cannot understand it. I daresay you cannot even understand how I can speak of it now, and yet I cannot help speaking."

not by any feeling of satisfaction, but by his sense of his own almost laughable perplex-ity. He saw that he was very near being driven to the ridiculous necessity of giving her some advice of the paternal kind. "It is not for me, either, to talk to you of what ou have done to Israel Kafka to-day." ne continued. "Do not oblige me to say any-thing about it. It will be much safer. You know it all better than I do. and you understand your own reasons, as I never can. If you are sorry for him now, so much the bet-ter—you will not hurt him any more if you can help it. If you will say that much about the future I shall be very glad I con-

"Do not think that there is anything which I will not do if you ask it," Unorma asked very earnestly,
"I do not know," the wanderer answered,

trying to seem to ignore the meaning con-veyed by her tone. "Some things are harder "Ask me the hardest!" she exclaimed,

"Ask me to tell you the whole truth-"
"No." he said firmly, in the hope of checking an outbreak of passionate speech, "What you have thought and done is no concern of mine. If you have done anything that you are sorry for, without my knowledge, I do not wish to know it. I have seen you do many good and kind acts during the last worth most a work have been the control of the co last month, and I would rather leave these memories untouched as far as possible. You may have have had an object in doing them which in itself was bad. I do not care. The deeds were good. Take credit for them and let me give you credit for them. That will do neither of us any harm." "I could tell you—if you would let me."

"I could tell you—if you would let me."
"Do not tell me," he interrupted. "I repeat that I do not wish to know. The one
thing that I have seen is bad enough. Let
that be all. Do you not see that! Besides,
I am myself the cause of it in a measure—
unwilling enough. Heaven knows!"
"The only cause," said Unorna bitterly.
"Then I am in some way responsible. I
am not quite without blame—we men never
are in such cases. If I reproach you, I
must reproach myself as well—"

must reproach myself as well-"
"Reproach yourself-ah, no! What can

you say against yourself?" she could not keep the love out of her voice, if she would; her bitterness had been for herself. "I will not go into that," he answered. "I am to blame in one way or another. Let us say no more about it. Will you let the "And let bygones be bygones, and be

friends to each other, as we were this morning?" she asked with a ray of hope. The Wanderer was silent for a few sec onds. His difficulties were increasing. A while ago he had told her, as an excuse for herself, that men and women did not always mean what they said, and even now he did not set himself up in his own mind as an exception to the rule. Very honora-ble and truthful men do not act upon any set principles in regard to truth and honor. Their instinctively brave actions, and naturally noble truthfulness make those principals which are held up to the unworthy for imitation by those whose business is the teaching of what is good. The Wanderer's

only hesitation lay between answering the question and not answering it.

"Shall we be friends again?" Unorna asked a second time, in a low tone.

"Shall we go back to the beginning?"

"I do not see how that is possible," he answered slowly.

swered, slowly.

Unorna was not like him and did not understand such a nature as his, as she understood Keyork Arabian. She had believed that he would at least hold out some

"You might have spared me that," she said, turning her face away. There were tears in her voice.

A few hours earlier his answer would

have brought fire to her eyes and anger to her voice. But a real change had come over her, not lasting, perhaps, but strong in its immediate effects. Not even a little friendship left?" she

"I cannot change myself," he answered, almost wishing that he could. "I ought, perhaps," he added, as though speaking to himself. "I have done harm enough as it is." "Harm! To whom!" She looked round suddenly, and he saw the moisture in her

"Loved him? No-I never loved him."
She shook her head, wondering whether she spoke the truth.

she spoke the truth.
"You must have made him think so."
"I? No—he is mad." But she shrank before his houest look, and suddenly broke down. 'No-I will not lie to you-you are too true-yes, I loved him, or I thought I did until you came, and I saw that there was no one

blood rising to her cheeks. She could blush still, and still be ashamed. Even she was not all bad, now that she was calm and that the change had come over her.

the change had come over her.

"You see," the Wanderer said, gently, "I
am to blame for it all."

"For it all! No-not for the thousandth
part of it all. What blame have you in being what you are! Blame God in Heavenfor making such a man. Blame me for
what you know, blame me for all that you what you know, blame me for all that you will not let me tell you. Blame Kafka for his mad belief in me, and Keyork Arabian for the rest-but do not blame yourself-



Her manner was more natural and quiet than it had been since the noment of Kafka's appearance in he cometery. The Wanderer noticed oh, no. Not that !" "Do not talk like that, Unorna," he said. the cemetery. The Wanderer noticed the tone. There was an element of real sadness in it, with a leaven of disap-pointment and a savor of heartfelt contriion. She was in earnest now, as she had

been before, but in a different way. He could hardly refuse her a word in answer. "Unorna," he said, gravely, "remember that you are leaving me no choice. I cannot leave you alone with that poor fellow, and so, whatever you wish to say, I must hear. But it would be much better to say nothing about what has happened this evening— better for you and me. Neither men nor women always mean exactly what they say. We are not angels. Is it not best to

Unerna listened quietly, her eyes upon his face.
"You are not so hard with me as you were," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment's hesitation, and there was a touch of gratitude in her voice. As she felt the dim possibility of a return to her former rela-tions of friendship with him, Beatrice and the scene in the church seemed to be very far away. Again the Wanderer found it flicult to answer.
"It is not for me to be hard, as you call

it," he said quietly. There was a scarcely perceptible amile on his face, brought there

"Be just first."
"What is justice?" she asked. Then she turned her head away again. "If you knew what justice means for me you would not ask me to be just. You would be more merciful." "You exaggerate—" he spoke kindly, but she interrupted him. "No. You do not know, that is all. And

you can never guess. There is only one man living who could imagine such things as I have done and tried to do. He is Keyork Arabian. But he would have been Keyork Arabian. But he would have been wiser than I, perhaps."

She relapsed into silence. Before her rose the dim altar in the church, the shadowy figure of Beatrice standing up in the dark, the horrible sacrilege that was to have been done. Her face grew dark with fear of her ewn soul. The Wanderer went so far as to try and distract her from her gloomy thoughts, out of pure kindness of heart.

"I am no theologian," he said, "but I fancy that in the leng run the intention goes for more than the act."
"The intention!" she cried, looking back

with a start.
With a shudder she buried her face in her two hands, pressing them to her eyes as though to blind them from some awful sight. Then, with a short struggle, she turned to him again. "There is no forgiveness for me in eaven," she said. "Shall there be none heaven. on earth? Not even a little, from you to

There is no question of forgiveness between you and me. You have not injured me, but Israel Kafka. Judge for yourself which of us two, he or I, has anything to forgive. I am to-day what I was vesterday. and may be to-morrow. He lies there, dying of his love for you, if ever a man died for love. And, as though that were not enough, you have tortured him-well, I will not speak of it. But that is all. I know noth-ing of the deeds, or intentions, of which you accuse yourself. You are tired, overwrought, worn out with all this-what shall I say? It is natural enough, I sup-

"You say there is no question of forgive-

"You say there is no question of forgiveness," she said, interrupting him, but
speaking more calmiy. "What is it, then?
What is the real question? If you have
nothing to forgive, why can we not be
friends, as we were before?"

"There is something besides that needed.
It is not enough that of two people neither
should have injured the other. You have
broken something—destroyed something—I
cannot mend it. I wish I could."

"You wish you could." she repeated,
carnestly.
"I wish that the thing had not been done.
I wish that I had not seen what I saw to-

I wish that I had not seen what I saw to-day. We should be where we were this morning-and he, perhaps, would not be 'It must have come some day." Unorna

that I loved you. Is there any use in not speaking plainly now? Then at some other time, in some other place, he would have done what he did, and I would have been angry and cruel-for it is my nature to be cruel when I am angry, and to be angry easily, at that. Men talk so easily of selfcontrol, and self-command and dignity and self-respect! They have not loved—that is all. I am not angry now, nor cruel. I am sorry for what I did, and I would undo it, if deeds were knots and wishes deeds. I am sorry, beyond all words to tell you. How poor it sounds, now that I have said it! You do not even believe me."
"You are wrong. I know that you are in

earnest. "How do you know?" she asked bitterly.
"Have I never lied to you? If you believed
me, you would forgive me. If you forgave
me, your friendship would come back. I
can not even swear to you that I am telling
the truth. However, would not be retrief. the truth. Heaven would not be my witness now if I told a thousand truths, each truer than the last."
"I have nothing to forgive," the Wan-

derer said, almost wearily. "I have told you so, you have not injured me, but him." "But if it meant a whole world to me no, for I am nothing to you—but if it cost you nothing but the little breath that can carry the three words—would you say it! Is it much to say? Is it like saying, I love you, or, I honor you, respect you! It is so little, and would mean so much."

"To me it can mean nothing, unless you ask me to forgive you deeds of which I know nothing. And then it means still less

Will you say it? Only say the three words once."
"I forgive you," said the Wanderer, cutetly. It cost him nothing, and, to him. meant less.

Unorna bent her head and was silent. It

was something to have heard him say it, though he could not guess the least of the sins which she made it include. She her-self hardly knew why she had so insisted. Perhaps it was only the longing to hear words kind in themselves, if not in tone, not in his meaning of them. Possibly, too, she felt a dim presumption of her coming end, and would take with her that infigitesimal grain of pardon to the state in which she hoped for no other forgiveness. "It was good of you to say it," she said

A long silence followed, auring which the A long silence followed, during which the thoughts of each went their own way. Suddenly Isrnel Karka stirred in his sleep. The Wanderer went quickly forward and knelt down beside him and arranged the silken pillow as best he could. Unorna was on the other side almost as soon. With a tenderness of expression and touch which nothing can describe, she moved the sleep-ing head into a comfortable position and smoothed the cushion and drew up the furs disturbed by the nervous hands. The Wan-derer let her have her way. When she had finished their eyes met. He could not tell whether she was asking his approval or a word of encouragement, but he withheld

"You are very gentle with him. He would thank you if he could."
"Did you not tell me to be kind to him?" I am keeping my word. But he would not thank me. He would kill me if he were awake." The Wanderer shook his head.

"He was ill and mad with pain," he an-wered. "He did not know what he was ing. When he wakes it will be differ-

Unorna rose, and the Wanderer followed "You cannot believe that I care," she said, as she resumed her seat. "He is not you. My soul would not be the nearer to peace for a word of his." For a long time she sat quite still, her hands lying idly in her lap, her head bent wearily as though she bore a heavy burden. "Can you not rest?" the Wanderer asked

length. "I can watch alone."
"No. I can not rest. I shall never rest again. The words came slowly, as though spoken "Do you bid me go?" she asked after a time, looking up and seeing his eyes fixed

"Bid you go? In your own house?" The tone was one of ordinary courtesy. Unorna smiled sadiy.
"I would rather you struck me than that you speak to me like that?" she exclaimed. "You have no need of such civil forbearance with me. If you bid me go, I will go. If you bid me stay, I will not move. Only speak frankly. Say which you would pre-

"Then stay," said the Wauderer simply.

INDIAN PROBLEM.

AN OPINION THAT IN A SHORT TIME IT WILL BE

solved Upon a Satisfactory Basis-Row it Will Come About-Some Tribal Peculiarities.

STILLWATER, O. T., May 6, 1891.

A novel feature yet to be found in all por-tions of Oklahoma is the close and imme diate proximity of the white man's civili zation and the Indian's semi-barbarism. There are very few places in the whole territory where the Indian in his blanket and moccasins may not be seen at almost any time. But little more than two years have passed since this region emerged from primeval wildness to a high civilization and dense populations in a day; and though now, within a region little larger than two of the average counties in Texas, there are more than sixty thousand people, yet the wave of progress has not swept from sight the natives of the country. The rom signt the natives of the country. The reservations of more than a dozen tribes or remnants of such border on the frontiers of Oklahoma, and the stelld face of the aborigines is familiar to her inhabitants.

In observing the Indian's character and studying his nature, nothing so deeply im-presses one as the tenacity with which he chings to his ancient customs and habits. The blanket furnished by the "Great Father" has indeed superseded the covering of skins but it is worn just as the latter were 400 years ago; and the moccasin and leggings are still worn as in the days of Columbus. While it is true that many who are not full-blooded, have adopted the dress and manners of white men, yet the full-blooded Indian clings to his ancient garb as a sacred tradition. All born into the tribe who are not in any degree mixed with any other race are denominated "full-bloods," while all whe are in any wise mixed with another race are called "half-bloods." The latter in-many instances cannot be distinguished from persons wholly white. They form the progressive, intelligent and more civilized class among them, and it is through this mongrel element that the Indian is to be finally amalgamated and absorbed

A peculiar feature of the Indian customs is that the family tree is traced from the mother instead of the father, and their words distinguishing different degrees of relation are limited. For instance, their language has no equivalent for the words "uncle" or "aunt," and all are either brothers or sisters. As a consequence every uncle is deemed the father. sequence every uncle is deemed the father of all his brother's children and every aunt their mother, so that when a man dies, leaving children, his brothers stand in the place of a parent and are charged with their care and support. This tradition, which traces the family tree to the mother's side, ias produced a great many curious results in their tribal and individual conduct causes a peculiar veneration to be paid to their teachings and habits. It is on this their telecomings and habits. It is on this account that progress among Indians is slow. A young Indian may attend school for five years and come out educated and polished, but within a month after his return to the tribe, he is again robed in a blanket, wearing paint and feathers and the gaudy finery of the typical Indian. The tribal relations the holding of lands in common, are also detrimental to rapid progress.

In the eastern portion of what is known as the Cherokee outlet are several minor tribes, chief of which are the Osages, Paw-

nees and Otoes. The first of these is probably the most civilized. It numbers about 1500 persons, and is one of the wealthiest of all the Indian tribes. Their reservations comprise about 3000 square miles and they receive \$116 per annum per capita for each man, woman and child belonging to the tribe. The Otoes have a reservation containing about 400 square miles, and the members of the tribe number about three hundred and eight. and eighty. This tribe draws \$10,000 semi-annually in each from the United States government. The Pawnees number about eight hundred, occupy about five hundred square miles in their reservation, and draw \$43 per head semi-annually from the United States. Of these tribes the Osages are the most advanced and the Pawnees are farthest behind. The latter are yet largely in blankets and usually appear daubed with red and yellow paint and docked out in all the colors of the rainbow. The Osages have really made much advancement toward'civilization. Their capital, Powlinska, though containing little more than the agency buildings, is in many respects an important place. This tribe has a court of three judges to whom all disputes between members of the tribe are referred and in which they are settled. They are provided with a prosecuting attorney and have a printed code of laws.

All of these tribes are well provided with

horses, wagons and farming implements and do more or less tilling of the soil after a A great many white men have settled

among these tribes, some securing permits and farming as renters and others marrying Indian women and becoming "squaw men."
It is rare that an Indian marries a white woman, but the number of whites marrying squaws is quite large. As a consequence the number of "full bloods" is decreasing the number of "full bloods" is decreasing year by year and the "half bloods" are becoming proportionately stronger. At the present rate it will not take many years to

extinguish the "full bloods."

It is expected that the new policy now adopted by the government, looking toward the breaking up of the tribal relations, the allottment of the lands in severalty and the admission of the Indians to citizenship and suffrage, will in a short while soive the In-dian problem upon a satisfactory basis. The time is at hand for the abolition of the large Indian reservations; and in five years new commonwealths will add their stars to our national flag, having their seats where now in native wilderness the last remnants of a weaker race have their haunts and

A Substitute for Bone. "The first food of man" has been put to many uses and converted into many forms by human ingenuity, but its latest application is perhaps the most remarkable. An inventor has just taken out a patent to protect a substitute for bone or celiuloid, and the material which is to substitute these substances is produced from milk. Casein-the solids in milk-are in the first place reduced to a partly gelatinous condition by means of borax or ammonia, and then it is mixed with mineral salt dissolved in acid or water, which liquid is subse-

quently evaporated. casein in a suitable vessel and incorporate under heat the borax with it, the proportions being ten kilograms of casein to three kilograms of borax, dissolved in six liters of water. When the casein becomes changed in appearance the water is drawn off, and to the residue, while still of the consistency of melted gelatine, one kilogram of mineral salt, held in solution of three litres of water, is added. Almost any of the salts of iron, lead, tin, zinc, copper or other minerals which are soluable in acid may be used. When the mixture is effected the solid matter is found separated from the greater portion of the acid and water and is then drawn off.

Next the solid matter is first subjected to great pressure to drive out all possible moisture, and then to evaporation under great heat to remove any remaining moisture. The resulting product is called "lactites," and can be molded into any desired form. By the admixture of pigments or dyes any color may be imparted to is, but the creamy white color natural to the substance is the most beautiful, being a very close imitation of ivory. Combs, billiard balls, brush backs, knife handles and all other articles for which ivory, bone or celluloid are employed can be made of this new product of milk.—New York Tele-

When Reptiles Were Rampant. At the close of the coal forming period there occurred a great emergence of land

from the water, and reptilian life rapidly spread and grew. The reptiles which had previously existed were all of one kind. Their remains are found in this country wherever the deposits in lagoous, lakes and estuaries have been calculated for their preservation. From this point of time, however, began what may be appropriately called the epoch of reptiles.

The paleozoic period was brought to a

close by a great upbeaval, due to contraction of the earth's crust, by which the Alleghenies and the Ural systems were uplifted. Then began what is called the "mesozoic epoch," during which the reptiles may be said to have run creation That is to say, they were the highest order of beings at that time alive. What man is now the reptile was then-that is, lord of all existing things. Reptiles walked upon land, navigated the water, flew through the air, and, in short, pursued every avenue of existence that is zoologically conceivable.

-Professor Cope in Washington Star.

Literary Fads a Hundred Years Are-One might suppose that the period in which we now live has some pretensions to originality in its literary fads at least. But here is a century old newspaper declaring that "4,073 novels are now in the press from the pens of young ladies of fashion."
In spite of the hyperbole, it is quite evident that novel writing was positively epi-demic. "At Mrs. D-'s school," says The Times, "ail the young ladies write novels in the fourth class" It might be some consolation to the literary pessimist to dis-cover something in proof of the assumption that the present generation is the most irreverent in history, but here is The Post (a few years earlier) asking: "What is Jemmy Boswell about? Where is his 'Life and Latters' of the great lexicographer, the Atlas of obscure sentiment and pompous phraseology?" We are not even original in condemning the redundancy of Johnson,—Harper's Basar.



No. 100 .- An Enigma. There was a castle built whose marble walls Were spotless as December's crystal drift; No portal wide, nor postern gate, nor rift Gave easy entrance to its secret halls.

Arched were its ceilings, and a curtain soft And seamless as the overspreading blue. That bounds the farthest stretch of mortal

Lined the whole structure round, alow, wioft. It bears within a caim and tideless see Of silver, lucid as the morning light; Upon its tranquil breast, superbly bright,

A golden orb floats ever peacefully. No living form, nor hurrying feet nor eye Have ever pierced those deep and voiceless shades:

Yet roistering life, with wily escapades. Burst from its walls to bide its time and die No. 101 .- A Scene in English Ristory.



One-fifth of coral one-fifth of nearl one fifth of agate, one-fifth of stone, one-fifth of topaz, properly combined, will form an important part of a bracelet.

No. 105,-A Cube. 1000002 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 7 0 0 0 0 0 8

From 1 to 2, a castle; from 2 to 4, referees; from 1 to 3, a large kettle; from 3 to 4, races; from 5 to 6, clear; from 6 to 8, fatiguing; from 5 to 7, oriental; from 7 to 8, opinions; from 1 to 5, to give up; from ; to 6, one; from 4 to 8, drinks a little at . time; from 3 to 7, part of the day.

No. 104.-A Money Problem. What is the least sum that can be paid either with quarters, with dimes or with

No. 105.-Connected Syllablas.

The first word, of seven, a word meaning "on the contrary;" the second, of five, an autumn flower of different colors, both wild and cultivated; the cultivated is double; it is not fragrant, but is a favorite for its beauty and hardiness; the third, of seven, "a raised bank covered with turf," seen in ornamental gardens and elsewhere, the fourth, of five, "a race horse;" the fifth, of eight, "a solemn religious act," "a rite."

Fickle and false has often been my FERST. For the sake of the SECOND the ground was

cursed. Feminine you should always call my THEED Although it is neither beast, iish nor hird.
Of whoth my shoom must have a good stee
Or surely my surer his efforts will moch.

No. 107.-A Nest of Birds.

A tract of low land, and a joby time. 3. A state of equality, and to decay. 4. An in-strument used in partaking of food, and a masculine nickname. 5. Much seen in winter, and what flags are made of. 6. A stupid fellow. 7. A lash, needy, and a masculine nickname. 8. A monarch, and a disciple of Izaak Walton. 9. A mu instrument, and a winged animal. 10. A worthless dog, and the Christian name of the author of "Ben Hur." 11. Found on the seashore, and a musician.

No. 103.-Hidden Articles. 1. Who has made sketches of the groun 2. Ask papa. Perhaps be will kno 3. Who will please to open the door for

4. I think I will, with pleasure.
5. This is a blot—terrible blos—upon Ma Markham's character.

A Masterpiece In color are my Marie's eyes
Like sapphires in the night,
And in their joyous radiancies
Like diamonds in the light;
Her lips are dainty rubies twain. Like chernbs of the spring; My heart doth yearn to hear again Her laugh of silvery ring: Her ears unfold like coral sheath In tint, in curve, in curl, Her speech perfume of amber be And falls with gentle puri; And rais with genue pari;
Ahl true thou art a jewel, love,
A masterpiece of old,
But better still than all above,
Hor pa is eighteen karat gold.

The Right Kind of Dog For a compositor, a setter. For military men, dogs of war. For a messenger boy, a terrier. For a balloonist, a Skye terrier. For a millionaire a deer hound For an angry mother, a ma's tiff. For an explorer, a Newfoundland. For a man who has lost his fortune, a re-

Key to the Puzzler. No. 91.-Riddle: Air. No. 92.-Metagram: Bather, Father Gather, Lather, Rather. No. 93.-Transpositions: Spa-

No. 94.—Crossword Enigma: Spring No. 95 .- A National Air: The Star Soun gled Banner. No. 96 .- Byron Illustrated

My boat is on the shore And my bark is on the sea; But before I go, Tom Moore, Here's a double bealth to the No. 97 .- Word Squares: Fow 1 og re wren Bear

ream lend reot No. 98.—Nete to Catch Pueclers With: 1 Bennet. 2 Cygnet. 8 Gernet. Cornet. 5 Sonnet. 6 Hornet. 7 Sign 8. Mignonette. 9. Linnet. 10. Spinet. 11. Gannet, 12. Genet. No. 99.-Syrcopations; 1. S(tar)s. &

There is No Accounting for the Actions of a Knave or a

The man who v nd an internal ety recommend the Tetter is an exter-oured by Tetter at all skin diseases. e and can only b J. T. Shuptrine & Bro., Si Trade supplied by H. W

B(rig)ht. 8. B(rave)d. 4. P(rice)d.